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## Yo Gotti "Disqualified"

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You disqualified, shawty, you disqualified, You disqualified, shawty, you disqualified, Straight thirsty, you disqualified, Fake purse, you disqualified. In ya friends clothes, talkin bout you got it hard, In the club every week, but you ain't got a job, You disqualified, shawty, you disqualified, You disqualified, shawty, you disqualified.

Bad bitch with me, looking like the Kardashians,
Pull up in the club in that brand new Aston,
Jump that jump the line, 'cause I'm very important,
Shawty got a kush habit, but I ain't supporting it.
She rock knock off bags, it's 2012,
Try to steal her some Trues, so she just got out of jail,
Boyfriend an athlete, baby daddy a dope boy,
But she still getting food stamps, and still on welfare.
But she fine as a motherfucker, think she got ass
shots,

Stay in some red bottoms, don't know if they real or not.

She got her ups and her downs, some how she always go hard,

She said she work for herself, aint goin in nobody's jobs.

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Shawty, who you with? Fuck that, who you let hit? Fuck that, I already know, that's why you flook as shit. ???? do not fuck with.

Had a lack of class, so I drop the ass and even if I don't, I switch subjects.

Put no nigga over your seed, get your figures up by all

means,

He be gone a lot, but know the times are hard, but no the club is not a release.

Don't you talk too much in these streets, make no friends with none of these freaks,

'cause their interest isn't on you, bet you break up, they calling up?.

Don't you stress it over no bee, don't buy things from all canals free,

Whenever phone rings, don't answer that name, if he like you, don't worry about it.

Now he got you and he can't live without you And your relationship is unbreakable until, until I come.

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See, you the type of bitch a nigga don't like, You come with too many problems and your shit ain't right.

See, you're the type of bitch that always complain,
But you're the type of bitch don't do a damn thing.
Work, bitch you don't know about that,
Bitch, you ain't ever had a job,
Bitch, you ain't ever got a check,
Hoe always had her handouts, almost compare it out,
Coming out the houses looking like that
In the club every week on a new nigga dick.
Bitch, we ain't like hoes like that, nevertheless, wife hoes like that.

Think it bad, somebody may lie, hoe your ass ain't qualified.

And she says I'm a dog and I be in these streets, But a bitch gonna be a bitch, so I'ma let her be.

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